

The West Virginian

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 11, 1922.

ARMISTICE DAY.

It might be well, and more than well, for the public today to pause in the popular business or quarrelling with things as they are, and think about things as they were during those months that preceded the signing of the Armistice four years ago.

When from across the ocean sped the word that peace was assured the people gave a great shout and declared that peace was happiness enough. That the return of the armies of young men from the maw of war, safe and sound to the home circle was joy enough; that the release from further awful sacrifice and fear was sufficient for contentment and that the sweetness of peace was a panacea for all ills. Who does not remember the enveloping emotion of that Armistice Day?

What have the four years brought forth? Does the sun shine this morning upon a people going cheerfully about the business of reconstruction, or does it look upon a people, dissatisfied, discontented, impatient and restless? Did the supreme trial of the American people actually come to this nation in those dark days preceding the signing of the Armistice, or is this country now undergoing a more supreme test than that of any warfare, no matter how terrible?

It is a question whether war or reconstruction after war demands more of a nation in patriotism, in faith and in courage. The first thought of the people four years ago today, was, "The war's over—our troubles are at an end," and bells pealed, and cannon saluted, and millions of people rejoiced aloud. But did not a more far reaching problem arise itself with Armistice Day, the problem of rebuilding for peace? The public has not thought deeply enough about this, for the public spirit has not arisen with enough might to properly meet it. America has not accomplished in four years' time the things that she should have accomplished, although there is no minimizing the tremendous things which she has accomplished.

Party and politics can play but a small part in reconstruction even as party and politics played but a small part in the World War. The thing that counts in both is the individual will of the people to do. Reconstruction needs ardent desire to shove ahead those things that establish prosperity most solidly, and the vision that looks ahead and boosts for the future.

Reconstruction can only be accomplished quickly and soundly by mass sentiment, even as war can be waged only by mass sentiment, and America can never attain contentment, and can never reach that place of union in thought and mind,—the end of the struggle to heal the wounds of war,—until class wars cease, industrial quarrels subside, and suspicion and distrust thrust aside.

Today tribute is paid to the men who fell in battle or who passed from life to death while wearing the nation's uniform. The toll exacted by war was unbearably great. The heart of America bleeds yet in an agony of grief that four years has not served to mitigate. Every sacrifice deserves its reward. The more supreme the sacrifice the greater the reward. If America does not build well, does not build infinitely greater from Armistice Day onward, then America should bow in shame before that silent tomb in Arlington Cemetery, for America will be unworthy that spirit that went forth to battle to make the world safe.

Let the people forget class strife, lay aside the petty and the small, the unworthy suspicion and discord that hampers and distresses, and see what the result will be before another Armistice Day rolls around.

GETTING THE VISION

A TECHNICAL lecture for employees, and for those interested in the garage business is announced for next week, and the announcement reminds how general is the attempt in recent years to instill into every man a broad knowledge concerning his employment whatever it may be.

It is no longer considered enough that a man may handle a tire in displaying it to a customer, may place it before the purchaser simply at a re-

quest for a certain kind of tire, but it is also thought necessary that the employee must have real knowledge of what goes into the make-up of the tire he sells, something of its durability, its construction and its strong and weak points. If he is an ambitious employee he will range farther afield and read about the production of commercial rubber, something about the countries that produce raw rubber, the various grades, the best kinds, the rubber trees themselves, and the method of gathering it and getting it to market.

The same thing is urged upon the clerk in the store, in the grocery, in the market. Know your business through and through, seems to be the insistence of employers, and employees are responding. No more may a mechanic work day after day, or year after year, seeing no further than his own set of tools or his own whirling machine. Classes are held in nearly every large concern for the further education of employees in their work, and lecturers are imported to give clear, inspiring talks about the broader sweep of the business under discussion, its possibilities, and its future.

Employees waken up and gain a real respect for their employment and what it signifies. No longer does their outlook follow down a tunnel that shuts out everything but the narrow perspective which grows desperately wearisome. The education given to men and women, teaching them a vision regarding their work, should be a heaven that will work incessantly for co-operation between employers and employees.

The public can recognize the man or woman instantly who is educating himself or herself about the business that employs them. The enthusiasm of such a person wins the attention of the person addressed every time. The man who knows linen, from the lux field to the linen counter, can sell linen. The woman who knows silks—all about them, from the silk worms on the mulberry leaves, clear through the dyeing pots to the market, can sell silks. The garage employee, dealing with the most wonderful mechanical production of the present day, a machine calling upon the ends of the earth for contributing parts for its make-up, from the rubber trees standing in the blistering tropic sun, to the steel, nickel and brass, that comes from the dark depths of the earth, finds for his study a magic story of the ingenuity of man and the industry of hand and brain. There is no more interesting or absorbing thing than the mastery of business. There is no keeping the man or woman down who succeeds. There is no turning down the man who knows what he is talking about. He is a successful investment and every employer recognizes it.

THESE WORKERS

THE list of workers for the Red Cross Membership Campaign has been made public and the announcement carries with it the usual assurance that Fairmont women and men are still willing to devote their time and their talent to public service of this kind.

It is really an amazing thing, if the people will stop to consider, the sacrifice, the endless personal work, the loyal energy that men and women in this city constantly expend to help the other fellow. No one really likes to go before the public for money. Not one man or woman in the personnel of the Red Cross, or in any other similar line, could be induced to make these city canvasses, or these street corner appeals, or these four minute speeches, for any personal gain or return no matter how dazzling. No money could ever repay the workers in the various drives for the physical weariness of hours of the hardest kind of labor, or the humiliating bruises encountered in the rebuffs they sometimes receive.

The persons who take an active part in getting money for the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A. and other similar enterprises, are persons who see beyond their own physical exhaustion, their own personal shrinking from asking for money, their own embarrassment at rebuffs, they look beyond these to need that is great enough to overshadow the rest, and they find in the successful termination of their labors the recompense in the knowledge that those who need are cared for, and those who want are supplied.

It takes a great warm heart, a great, broad mind to do personal work in a welfare campaign. There is in it no personal glory nor honor, no material gain, often hardly a "thank you," but those who respond at the call are not seeking any of these. The brave women captains and their hard working teams, the undisciplined men's committees cheerfully surmounting disappointment are one of the greatest assets any city can own, and without them Fairmont would be without charity, without an orphanage for homeless children, without any of the influences that keep sunshine and hope awake, and faith in men unshaken.

Great day for the football game. South side Park should be packed with people this afternoon cheering those two live teams on to victory. Fairmont has an army of fine promise in her schools, hundreds of the brightest, best, and smartest boys and girls in the state. They are an honor to the city, and every citizen should be happy to turn out and give them splendid support and encouragement in this, the greatest game of their football season.

Your dollar and your heart—the Red Cross wants both today.

Clemenceau is on his way to America. He is a good envoy and the American people will listen to him gladly, although it is a question whether they will agree with him. The sad thought in connection with his coming is that France has brought about necessity for such an envoy. Can it be that France's earnest desire to set herself right in the eyes of America is inspired by the conviction that she is a shade wrong in her attitude but does not wish to acknowledge it?

jump out of a box seat over the fence nothing? Didn't you tramp all over Major Smith, Bill Kline and June Clark? Didn't you do a lotta funny things?"

"I never!" said Tom.

"The trouble with you is that when you get to a football game you don't remember anything but the score."

"That will be enough if East Side wins."

"But if they don't win?"

"Then it will be too much to even remember the score."

"Poor boy," sighed the Maid. "Football acts on you just like gold does on Sid Wright and Dave Oswood."

"Supper, quinine, blood or

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



dust, East Side High School, Win or Bust," yelled Tom, defiantly.

RUFF STUFF

At 8 o'clock the fight will be on.

The Near East and the Far West will meet to decide which has the worst team, or—

The best, just as you want to look at it.

East Side has a big advantage, because all the sport bugs are picking Fairmont.

Sombody will be burning red-fire tonight.

And the rest of the bunch will just be looking on.

West Virginia is investigating at Huntington today to see whether they are rubes or floosers or both.

One hundred years ago all of us were posterity.

Many a girl is married on her Pa's value.

Have you written to Santa Claus?

The small boy next door says his teacher must be from Germany because her marks are so low.

A wise married man never chews tobacco or dynamite.

But gosh how the average wife jabs at her husband.

Prunes are expected to go up. Some we have eaten wouldn't stay down.

All pigs try to make hogs out of themselves.

All the eccentric dancers are not on the stage.

Fellow commenting on the election said that the Republicans no doubt felt like Lazarus—licked by the dogs.

Back up the wagon; there's a passenger ready.

Maude Adams has a way to show movies in the light. Now we'll see who, eats peanuts.

The fellow who gets married with the idea of being master of his house is surprised to learn he is only the paymaster.

Letter to the Editor

VOTERS THANKED.
FAIRMONT, Nov. 10.—[Editor, The West Virginian.]—I wish to express my sincere appreciation for the loyal support of the people, irrespective of party, in the recent election. It is my wish and shall be my aim to prove to the people that their confidence was not misplaced. Later I shall have something to say about my policy as county superintendent of schools.
CLARA WILSON.

Everyone Should Provide
Everyone should begin early in youth to form the saving habit. The best way is to open an account with the Peoples National Bank and deposit all spare cash weekly or monthly. It will help you make proper provision for the future.
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Judge Showalter Declares Significance of Armistice, Lost in Reconstruction

Local Jurist Delivers Strong Address at Legion Memorial Services.

That in the hurry and bustle of reconstruction after the war the people have lost something of the inward earnestness that would enable them to truly interpret the significance of Armistice Day was the opinion expressed by Judge E. M. Showalter in his address this morning at the memorial services held in the American Legion home in Cleveland avenue. "The measure of our patriotism and our devotion to the principles of liberty and free government is discovered in the grateful memories we cherish of those by whose blood and sacrifice that liberty was purchased," Judge Showalter declared.

In his address, Judge Showalter read a poem he had composed four years ago, giving his conception of the significance of the event at that time.

"A little while ago, it seems only yesterday, we were aroused from our tranquil and peaceful pursuits by the shrill blast of the bugle, the deep roll of the drum, the steady march of soldiers through our streets. The virile young manhood of the nation was being mobilized in response to a call to the colors, for the first time in our history to be sent beyond seas to engage in a world war; not for the purpose of conquest, not to exploit new lands nor to discover and bring back treasure and the spoils of war, but to uphold the principles of liberty and free government and to prevent from being submerged in the maelstrom of Prussianism and Bolshevism the inherent rights and privileges of humanity, that have slowly but gradually been developing during the past century and that have found their highest expression in the institutions of our republic," Judge Showalter declared.

"How faithfully our soldiers performed that great trust, how completely they demonstrated to the world on foreign battlefields the metal, the spirit and the go-getter qualities of America is attested in the history of the last year of that war. After a few months of brilliant exploits and achievements the price of which was the blood of 50,000 of our brave and their lives as a sacrifice to their country and their country's flag, after a few months of determined fighting on the part of the American Expeditionary Forces, the like of which the world had never before witnessed, the enemy nations sued for terms, and on the 11th day of November, 1918, in the village of Senlis in France the armistice was signed.

"On yesterday I recovered from a dusty pigeon hole a brief sketch giving my then conception of the significance of this event, which sketch I now venture to read:

SENILIS
At Daybreak
November 11, 1918.

"This is not the commencement of a letter.
It is the beginning of an epoch
The dawn of a new day
Not Day Tag
The day of universal freedom
Light after darkness
The darkness of a long night
A night of terror
In which demons reeled in the orgies of autocratic pomp and power
Until the stars went out
And the sun rose in splendor
To clothe the earth in the baptismal robe of liberty.

"Senlis is the end of imperial pagentry,
The beginning of world democracy,
The end of the invader's march to Paris,
The beginning of his retreat to the Rhine.

"Liberty's progress is blazed by clearly defined monuments.
June 15, 1215.
July 4, 1776.
October 19, 1781.
September 21, 1793.
April 9, 1865.
November 11, 1918.

Its seed was first planted at Rappahannock,
Philadelphia and Yorktown garnered its first harvest,
Replanted at the Tuilleries, Appomattox freed a race,
But Senlis is the emancipation of all races.

Analysis of coal and coke a specialty
FLEMING TESTING LABORATORY
Chemists and Assayers
23 West Main St.,
UNIONTOWN, Pa.

Look back over the past years and you will quickly see where you have been both careless and foolish in the way you spent your money. A good deal of this came from having the money in your POCKET.

If that money had been in our bank, you would probably still have it, and would have grown to a nice round sum.

Forget the past—today is here. Come in and start a bank account and by REGULARLY depositing your spare money, you will soon have money.

We will welcome you.

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THE MAID ON THE COURTHOUSE

Tommy, please be careful this afternoon and don't do anything out at that East Side game. I was the Maid on the Courthouse addressing T. D. Connell.

"I won't promise anything if East Side wins."

"Well, I'll promise you they won't," said the Maid.

"Your promise is not worth a thing."

"But please be careful," urged the Maid. "You know what happened to you last year, even when East Side lost. You couldn't talk for a week."

"I'll be all right," said Tom.

"I doubt it," declared the Maid, "after hearing what happened last week."

"What was that?"

"Someone told me," said the Maid, "that between the halves someone announced that the score was 7 to 0 East Side at Charleston in the first period."

"They did."

"But what did you do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing—do you call trying to